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✓ **HAVERFORD REVISITED:**

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*12 13*  
**BEING A MEMENTO**

*June 21st 1872*  
**OF A DAY SPENT ON THE OLD GROUNDS**

**BY A NUMBER OF THE FORMER PUPILS,**

12th Mo. 29th, 1846.



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PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

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**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**TOWNSEND WARD, No. 45 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.**  
**1847.**

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Crissy & Markley, Printers.  
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## M E M E N T O .

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THE ties which bind the "Students of Haverford" to their ALMA MATER and to each other, are, we believe, more strong than such bonds ordinarily become. Whether it be that its maternal care was really more potent and tender, as we are prone, ourselves, to imagine; or that the School, being for the present, at least, a thing only of by-gone times, holds in our memory something of the sacredness of departed excellence, we know not.

Amongst all, however, who have been connected with it, every association of the days they spent within its walls and bounds, is carefully cherished. When, therefore, some happily-inspired youth suggested, in mid-winter, 1846, that a gathering of the "old scholars" on the old grounds, should take place, the project spread with as much rapidity as if it were equally important with the Central Railroad.

A Committee soon sprang into existence; and a circular was sent, to each of the former students who could be reached, as follows:—

PHILADELPHIA, 12mo. 19th, 1846.

On the 29th instant, a General Meeting of the Haverford Students will be held at the School, at which thy company is particularly requested.

A meeting of the Loganian Society, an old fashioned game of *foot-ball*, and a *meal* in the old Dining Room, are proposed.

Information respecting conveyance, etc., may be had of either of the undersigned

#### COMMITTEE.

CHARLES L. SHARPLESS,	HENRY G. SHARPLESS,
FRANCIS R. COPE,	R. LINDLEY MURRAY,
CHARLES FOSTER,	THOMAS KIMBER, JR.,
JOSEPH HOWELL, JR.,	DR. HENRY HARTSHORNE.

Answers of acceptance were soon received, arrangements were made with Jonathan Richards, late Steward of the School, and the day appointed, opening with a beautiful sky and pleasant temperature, cars and other vehicles conveyed a considerable company to their former Academic Shades.

A rare scene awaited those who came late. The lawn, which had been bare and silent for a year or two, or tenanted only by cornstalks and cattle, was now alive with the spirit of boyish sport, animating the bodies of those mostly grown up to sober manhood.

The foot-ball flew vigorously, as of yore; married and unmarried, farmers and men of merchandise, busy men and idlers; all shewing that what the cares of life had taken from their youth was revived in breathing the air of their old haunts.

Many weary limbs, and some bruised ones, were among those which, after this and a game of corner-ball, bore those gathered to partake of their welcome dinner. The tables were arranged as nearly as possible in the order of years ago, and certainly gave us, besides a good repast, a most natural and delightful fund of recollections. Letters were read from a number of those invited who

could not attend, conveying their good wishes, which were cordially received. Some good-humored remarks, by two or three guests, ended the dinner.

A Meeting of the "Loganian Society" having been proposed, those present were called to order in the Lecture Room. The President, DANIEL B. SMITH, being absent, SAMUEL J. GUMMERE was appointed to the Chair, and HENRY HARTSHORNE made Secretary. On calling the Roll, about *ninety* members were found to be present—several having come from New York, Baltimore, etc., in honor of the occasion. The minutes of the last two Meetings were read.

The following Resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS, under present circumstances, it seems desirable that some disposition should be made of the property of the "Loganian Society"—

*Resolved*, That the Managers of the Haverford School Association, be, and they hereby are, appointed Trustees of the Haverford Loganian Society; that to them be entrusted all property, of every description, belonging to the Society: And that they be empowered to dispose, to the best of their judgment, of all such property as will manifestly be injured by being retained, or the expense of preserving which they consider greater than the Society can afford *And further*, that all previous Resolutions on this subject, and all trusts by them created, be, and they hereby are, rescinded.

*Resolved*, That the late Trustees of the Society, viz.:—Daniel B. Smith, Jonathan Richards, Ambrose Hunt, Abraham L. Pennock, Jr., Thomas S. Brown and Isaac Hartshorne, be directed to make the above transfer of its property; and that the thanks of

the Society be awarded to them for their attention to the duties of their Trust.

*Resolved*, That in thus terminating for the present the organization of the Loganian Society, its members revert, with lively interest, to the pleasures and advantages it has afforded them, and hope that, at no distant day, its duties may be resumed.

*Resolved*, That we hold in affectionate remembrance, the interest manifested in our welfare, by our teachers; and that, with increasing experience, we learn more fully to appreciate the value of their services.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary be directed to transmit a copy of these Resolutions to each member of the former Council of Haverford School.

The following Resolutions, offered by EDWIN COWPERTHWAIT, were unanimously adopted.

*Resolved*, That the Members of the Loganian Society, at this, their first meeting for some years, take the opportunity to express their sincere grief at the loss which they have sustained by the death of their worthy and esteemed friend, JOHN GUMMERE.

*Resolved*, That as Members of this Society, and as Students of Haverford, we will affectionately cherish his memory, as that of one equally to be admired for his learning and his virtues; one to whom all who partook of his instruction and care, might look up as to a friend and benefactor.

The following were proposed by LINDLEY FISHER, and adopted.

*Resolved*, That this Meeting views, with sincere regret, the continued suspension of Haverford School; that its members pledge themselves, individually, to use their best efforts for the advance-



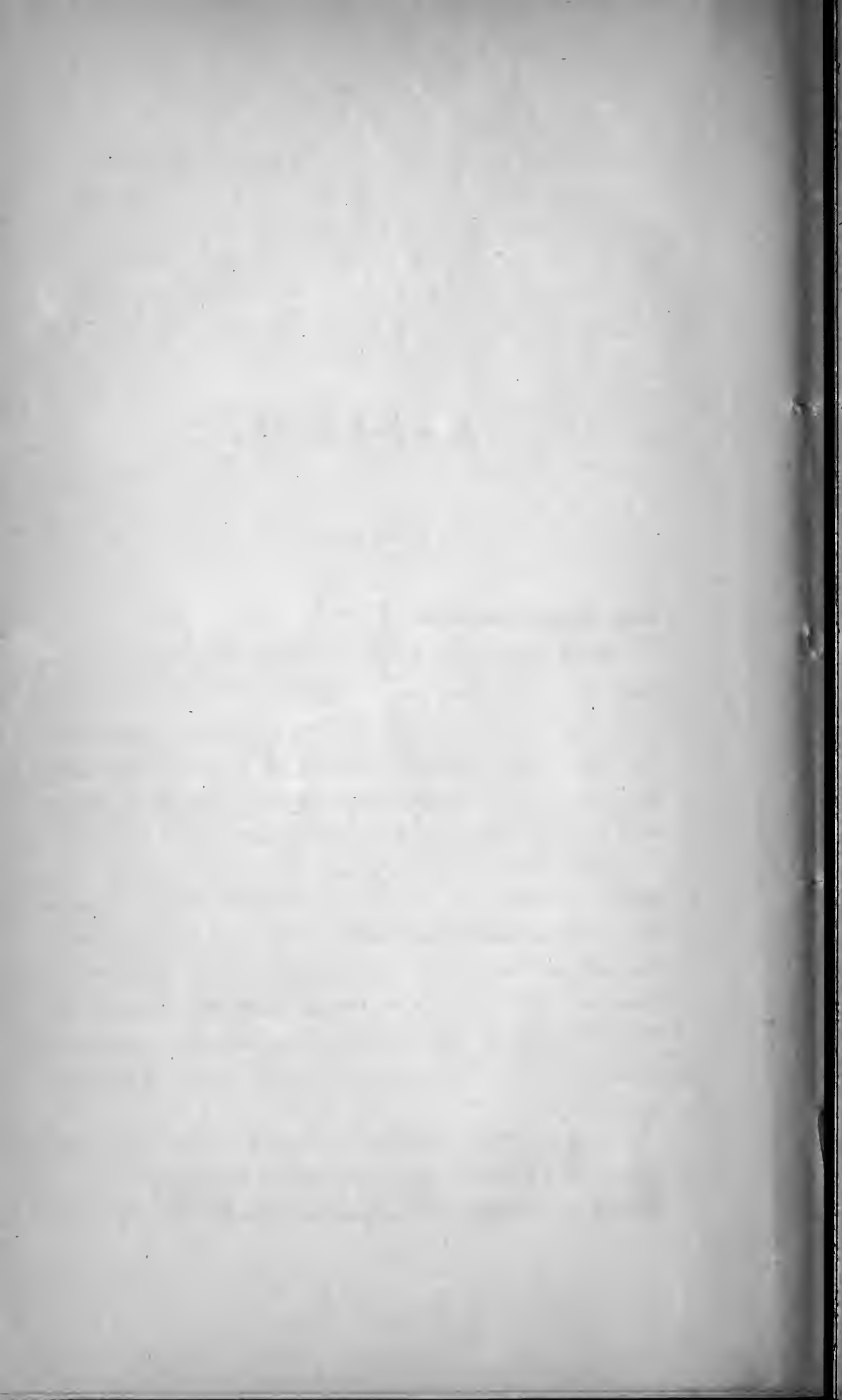
ment of the interests of the Institution ; and that, in order to promote these, they will endeavor to raise the sum of at least *fifty* dollars, each, by subscription.

*Resolved farther*, That a Committee of Five, be appointed by the Chairman, to which accounts of subscriptions shall, from time to time, be rendered : And that they be empowered to call in the amount of said subscription, when so much as *five thousand* dollars in all, shall be ascertained to be subscribed.

*And Resolved*, That the sum thus raised, shall be invested by the Committee, according to their best judgment, to be paid over to the Managers or Association of Haverford School, whenever, in their opinion it may be required.

The Chairman appointed on this Committee, Daniel B. Smith, Lindley Fisher, Robert B. Parsons, Thomas Kimber, Jr. and James J. Levick : And they were, on motion, authorized to call a Meeting of the Society, at such time as they may think proper.

On the invitation of those present, ISAAC S. SERRILL then delivered the following Address.



## A D D R E S S .

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FELLOW STUDENTS OF HAVERFORD,---

WELL met in any hour, in any place, but most welcome now and here ! I come, with pure delight, to fulfil a promise made a few days ago, that I would chase the foot-ball, with you, on the old lawn to-day, dine with you in the old room, and if time permitted, speak whatever the friendly grasp of your hands, and the sight of familiar things might naturally suggest.

Upon my office table, last week, amid a motley group of musty papers and dusty deeds, there was laid a little note, which I opened with all the unconcern we generally give to our every day share of the postman's budget. It told me that a "General Meeting of Haverford Students was to be held at the School this day ;" that "a Meeting of the Loganian Society, (so runs the card) an old fashioned game of foot-ball and a meal in the old Dining Room were proposed."

If the poor prisoner, who looked through his barred window over the beautiful lake that lies by Chillon's walls, and saw its waves dancing on with the mountain wind, and glittering with "hues that

had words and spoke to him of Heaven," and the eagle whose wing never knew a fetter, sweep by on the rising blast, joyous and wild, could suddenly have had the roof of that prison blown off, and the mountain air, fresh from the eternal snows, poured in upon him, rich with the sounds and scents of the bright world shut from his languid eye, and bringing back wild thoughts of freedom and life, he could not have drawn a deeper breath than I did, as I read that little note.

Meet the old Loganian! upon the very floor where, ten years ago, I shouted "MARCO BOZZARIS," or called, with Tell, upon the "crag and peaks of Switzerland;" and saw in dreams, at night, the moon upon their icy summits and vine-clad hills! The very society, in whose forgiving presence, I wilfully gave birth to innumerable essays, brim full of round periods and rare sentiment—very rare; because unheard of elsewhere! Whose solemn shelves became a vast sepulchre for a thousand families of interesting bugs, meek sufferers in the cause of science! carefully pinned as the "Crown's quest" would certainly find with malice aforethought, and ominous gravity, yet as tenderly as possible, by the philosophic cruelty of a Walton, a Collins or a Tatnall, straight through the body! While they, with all the feeling heart of a naturalist, never would and never did

" Enter on their list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility—the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Have an old-fashioned game of foot-ball, and dine again in that same old room, with, perhaps, LINN FISHER, at the head of the same table, where he carved dinner for others and fame for himself, out of many a well roasted pullet, and dealt out the spoils with a kind consideration, that was positively parental! If it be not all a

dream, I said to myself, I accept the invitation with unalloyed delight. Bless the man who first thought of such a day's sport and such a dinner! His heart was in the right place; and so surely as mine hopes to be too, I'll go, if only ten men go. I'll go, if nobody else goes! and speak then to the old woods—and they shall answer as they did of yore; and in their murmurs, I shall hear the voice, again, of Auld Lang Syne. But you are come—very many—yet too few! I have prepared no learned dissertation. Did I coldly display, now, all the lore of yonder library, my tongue would sound only as a tinkling cymbal, and my theme, an empty song. It is the heart that speaks at a time like this. I cannot shackle the unstudied greeting due to old friends, by set forms of speech and a labored effort. The gush of real feeling which now rises in the heart, like the waters of a hidden fountain, and dims the eye with tears unshed, either binds the tongue in silence, or scorns the artificial and studied expression. I need not go to the old library for a theme, nor open with vain affectation, the volumes of

“Philosophy and Science, or the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world”—

I find it here, within me and around me—in your hearts and in mine. I care not whether you left this spot with joy or in sorrow—hated it while here or loved it, you cannot conceal the undefinable interest you feel in every thing around you; the irresistible power with which vague and forgotten trains of thought and feeling crowd upon you. Whence do they come, and what are they? To me, it is all like a dream! I seem drawn into another existence by some strange and magical influence. A bewildering interest seems to invest every thing. Yet, there is about me nothing but familiar objects. I call up, in simple review,

the things as they were, and find them still the same. There is the very spot on the floor where I stood a trembling prisoner, nine years ago, arraigned for public trial and execution. There sat a crowd of others awaiting their turn, whose clean faces were lit up with a beautiful and touching resignation! By that very wall, stood the black boards upon which were inscribed those diabolical diagrams, and mental racks and screws, (hear it not Euclid!) with which execution was done. There sat our indulgent friends, and a sweet array of those other creatures, "whom men call angels, when they sing." Here is the chair of our venerable Principal—I am sorry he is not in it, to-day—who looked then just as he does now, except that the hand of Time has since very lightly touched him. May it long forget him! And the wood, in which we studied and mused, still roars with the storm, or murmurs to the night wind, as it did then.

" The pansy at our feet  
Doth the same tale repeat  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

The change is not around us, but within us. When the leaves were withering fast upon the trees, and you heard their requiem in the autumn wind, and saw them "dance in swirls, like the fairy rings," you took no thought of the eternal youth of Nature, or that the hue of your own feelings, and the texture of your own minds, might change like the autumn leaves. Alas!

" They—they are in truth the substance—we the shadows."

Other influences have been busy with us, and have moulded us anew, though like the sleeper in the Arabian Tale, who laid down in the bloom of beauty and youth, in the fairy gardens, and awoke in age and decrepitude, we have been unconscious of the change.

The excitement ever arising in the manly struggle into which life's duties lead us, has driven to their hiding places in the heart, all the crowd of boyhood's early treasured thoughts and impressions, and we had almost forgotten they ever existed. But the wand of the mighty enchanter, ASSOCIATION, has this day touched them, and they start again into light and life, and are as sensible to feeling, as yon spreading lawn, and distant wood, and radiant sky are to our sight, and there is magic in the web they weave, for we are carried away captive without any wish or power to break the spell. Full of life and vigor, they dispossess the every day feeling, and give us, momentarily, a new existence, and the sudden transition bewilders, for we cannot realize it. The early dew of life's morning is again on the spirit, and under its influence, we are breathing thoughtful breath. And then, by the happy constitution of our nature, not only have we a remembrance of the events of that period, and the many ludicrous and downright crazy, though harmless, freaks that were born of that time, but the feeling of the time itself, in its own pure juvenility, again returns,

" Oh joy ! that in our embers,  
Is something that doth live ;  
That Nature yet remembers,  
What was so fugitive."

The spirit of this day's sport, seems a portion of the very fun that chased the ball ten years ago. The sight of the rural seat or favorite walk, where the heart beat quick then, over the dream of poetry or eloquence, again renews the feeling ; and we watch yon sky grow dim and grey in the twilight now, with the same gleams of earnest thought, with which we have many a time marked its radiance fade away. We resume, for a moment, with an indescribable pleasure, the departed state of our minds, and look with vivid interest on those former feelings, when we remember that " in them we began to be that conscious existence, we are to be throughout

infinite duration." It is strange to muse over the first windings of a stream, whose light current lingered here a day, in sunlight and shade, and think that in years to come, it may swell into a mighty river and sway, in its course, the passions, the interests, the affections or the hatred of men ; covering life's desert with verdure and beauty, or leaving it a dreary waste. We would curiously trace its progress and developement here, by the perishable memorials so strongly associated with it, and wonder how it could take any definite course amid the many diversified influences around and within it. We curiously ask, what has become of this peculiar taste, or that mental trait whose germ, here, first budded and bloomed ? and we go back to mark with strange interest, the very spot in our course, where they lie like way-side flowers, withered and dead. Yet the very feeling of that hour, in its original freshness and force, will not entirely return : though ever near us, it still eludes our grasp. As we go from room to room, and yield to the illusion, an airy spectre—the shade of our former self, seems at our side. It leads us to the old library, and reads again, with us, the very volumes whose page taught us, that the **TRUE** is the only Beautiful, long ago. It beckons us to the door of our old rooms, and bids us listen ! and we hear the long-drawn breathing of our own light slumbers of old. It steals to our side in the silent wood, and we gaze together on the same sunset clouds that made earth lovely then, and as its airy sigh echoes our own, we turn to clasp it—and are alone with the old trees—

—— ——— " There's no such thing—  
It is the very coinage of the brain :  
A bodiless creation."

But it comes to bid us adieu when we depart, but leaves not the ancient bounds. Let us hear thy airy call, thou Wandering Voice ! as often as we return. With thy mute sign and silent foot-



fall, lead us to the old library, and breathe into our dull ear, the lofty moral the world made us forget. Bid us look, at twilight, on the rosy west—that the love of the beautiful die not within us, and the Spirit of Earth's loveliness, be to us a real presence, and not a phantom, as thou art!

So do our fancies run with the past. To whom is the recollection of its spirit, its friendships, its associations, not welcome? I envy not his mature wisdom, who sees only folly in such enjoyment; for he has sipped only the shallow draught of the Pierian spring, and will ever be too wise to be happy.

I am not here to utter cheap sentiment on the pleasures of early life, or to encourage sickly regrets for their flight. They suited their age. Like the song of the early bird, they are welcome in life's morning, but the mid noon has other tones, if not silent toil, and the evening of life passes away to the sound of other melody. That mid noon, asks not for the early song. I am unsentimental enough to think that season, rich in its own delights, when the mature intellect follows the object of manly and true ambition. But we welcome the transient return of early feeling, and call up the associations of early life, for the happy contrasts they present. The friendship of that time, how remote from sordid interest or ambition!

The accomplished business man, did not then smile on his customer with a courtesy, so perfectly bland and disinterested, that human nature at once yielded, and pure gratitude straightway brought, what nine months after date, pure regret paid for. The Doctor did not, then, eagerly seek the potent drug he hoped would soothe the wild delirium and scare the spectre brood from their nightly dance around the pillow of inflated and feverish Luxury, or ask with such an excess of tenderness about the last nervous fit of Mrs. Luxury! and gracefully regret he could not, with any drowsy

syrup, medicine her to that sweet sleep her childhood only knew, while he thought quietly of the great family influence, and the golden pill! Nor did the Lawyer then—but no, that's not an instance! His friendships are never interested, and his eloquence always on the side of oppressed and injured innocence!

The heart which never ought to grow old, never can, amid such associations and influences as we, this day, seek to revive and cherish. Its sensibility is the growth of a healthy and vigorous soil. It looks well, that the invitations for this day have met with such a hearty response. I think better of the man who kicked that foot-ball fifty feet in the air, to-day, though he limp on 'Change to-morrow—I am sure the old leaven has worked powerfully. The subjection to the old feeling and the old spirit, has been complete. Could a stranger have entered the library, this afternoon, and noted the astonishment of the spiders, whose webs irreverently woven around the old volumes, were rudely torn away, and the well remembered authors greeted as old friends, by the eager group, or shared the delectable game of "town-ball," so called, because the unfortunates therein are treated with a gentleness and civility, truly metropolitan! Could he have entered the lawn, and mingled with the crowd, after that foot-ball, he surely would have said, "I am at that beneficent Institution, erected by Friends, at Frankfort! These are the young friends who have lost their wits! This is a part of that admirable discipline, by which insanity is ameliorated by cheerful exercise! What a good humored set of Lunatics! mild, and harmless, and fleet of foot, as though they ran with

"Dian's step

As she with sandals, newly laced, would rise,  
To chase the fawn o'er fields of Thessaly."—

What a scene! There ran the man of business—the legs that carried him on 'Change yesterday, are not his legs of to-day!

He finds a pair he left here ten years ago, and sorely do they exercise the new body! Well may he run, for the man at his heels has no load of bar or pig-iron on his spirit to-day, and no bloom, save on his own phiz! There goes the Doctor! as though the sheeted ghosts of every dread corse his pills had quietly inurned, and the rattling bones of every subject he had made a ghastly "specimen" out of, were after him, with all the bodiless legs, whose fate the student reads in the record of many a beautiful operation!

There ran the Lawyer, after as perfect a bag of wind as he pursues every day, in the bubble fame! Married men and bachelors too, as though the one ran from, and the other after a wife!

Oh, what a revolution! What a dinner succeeded it all! No man could have contemplated, without emotion, its absorbing and consuming sensibility. Stand out of this crowd, Stranger! and keep off of this turf, for you are not under the spell,

We see a hand you cannot see—  
We hear a voice you cannot hear,

and when the crazy game is done, you may wander into this room, and hear as crazy an oration! whose trite moral is drawn from familiar things,

"Nor vainly covets for its dower  
The dragon's wing, the magic ring."

Be it so! Give me this insanity, until the sun goes down to-day, and I am content to be, thenceforth, as utterly and respectably sane as the times will admit of and happy, if my words have half the virtue of the flower gifts of poor Ophelia—emblems of thought and remembrance fitted—a document in madness—the rue, perhaps, for me, but the rosemary and the pansies for you.

Yet some shadow comes over our radiant dream of the past, as we think of those who breathed this air with us, but over whom the sod is now green. Of him, whose attainments in a severe and exact science most deservedly won high respect and celebrity beyond the limits of his own land.

And now, when we know how mad the race is after wealth, in the great world; how its unbounded influence sways the passions and the principles of men, and too often "skins and films" many an ulcer in the social system of a people, to whom the chime of the silver is sweeter far than the music of the spheres, we look with livelier interest than we did then, and with truer admiration, upon a life like his, simply dedicated to unfold the principles of an abstract science—who read the stars, not with the eye of the undevout astronomer, but mindful ever of the POWER that upholds them in their endless round, and rules their mystic dance.

And for the rest I feel as often as I meet or think of any who were here with me, or came after me, that some fine and invisible chord knits me to them, and leads me to take more than a common interest in their life, their fortunes, or their death. I shall not pause, curiously, to analyze the feeling. I may owe to them the growth of some ideal trait or disposition, developed and fashioned by their opposition, their example, or their friendship, and finding them so linked with my own mental existence, I cannot but ask, with real solicitude, how they lived, and loved, and died? And if the story of some life, or love, or death, did not so often tell me how many gems once bright in "Love's shining circle," have since dropped away; and remind me how soon and how fast the dream of the future then so radiant, fades into the light of common day, until

——— I seem to know, where 'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth,

I should make the retrospect not only without regret, but without any wish to recall the years or the events that are gone. Another age and other interests bring to us abundant recompense,

" For we have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing, oftentimes,  
The still sad music of Humanity :  
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power,  
To chasten and subdue.

Our view of life has only changed to become more real and more true—

The clouds that gather round the setting sun,  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won."

I look not mournfully on the past, for the boon of the present is ours, and the golden future. What would life be without its airy hopes, its struggles, its triumphs ? and looking to its aim, its end, and the eternity beyond it, I refuse to take so lasting and anxious an interest in this year or in that, in yesterday or to-morrow :

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more :—It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

I am content and very happy to regain, as I do now, some portion of the freshness of early feeling, though it leave me again to-morrow ; happier to find the same feeling so alive in the hearts of so many around me, to whom the voice of the past sounds like



remembered music, and who feel that if the sight or thought of familiar things, may for an instant,

————— “make some eyes  
Run over with a glad surprise”—

they are tears it is not unmanly to shed; and happier still in the thought, that in coming time, when, as we indulge the hope, this spot will be no longer a solitude, we may here, with many others, again and again, as at an altar, kindle into a flame the embers of a love, which under the weight of distant and urgent duties, may lie mouldering cold and low.—And when the well-spring of feeling, which, in every heart, this day runs pure and fresh as the very dew of life's morning shall no longer flow, the heart itself may then cease to beat. I shall not mourn that the pitcher be broken at the fountain, when the fountain itself is no more, nor care how soon life's fitful fever ends,

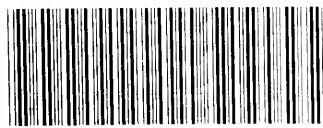
“When nothing can bring back the hour,  
Of splendour in the grass, or glory in the flower.”

THE most emphatic thanks of the Society were moved and presented to ISAAC S. SERRILL for the above Address, which, with the Minutes of this Meeting, were directed to be printed, and a copy transmitted to each member of the Loganian Society.

The Meeting then adjourned, and its members separated; after a day of enjoyment, marred by no untoward circumstance, in which the chain of old friendships was brightened, and their affections still more strongly fastened to the spot, and to the influences connected with “Haverford School.”

HENRY HARTSHORNE, *Secretary.*

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